From - P. G. Thomas,
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THE FRANK LANDSLIDE

I was very much interested in your article of the June, 1945, issue concerning the Frank landslide. I might state that this was one of the most terrible experiences that I have had during my service with the Police. At that time I was stationed in Calgary and was one of the party of ten detailed to proceed to Frank on special duty. We left very early in the morning in a C.P.R. caboose drawn by a light engine, the late Inspector A. W. Duffus being in charge of our party. We arrived at Frank, or as near as we could get to the wtown. I think it was about one mile and a quarter that we had to walk over the rocks to reach Frank. When about half-way over we sat down for a short rest and found that one of the Constables was missing. I was detailed with a Constable to go back and see what had become of the missing Constable. We arrived at the railway track, but failed to find the missing Constable. We returned to report to the Inspector, when our party proceeded to Frank after a tough walk, especially for yours truly and the Constable that accompanied me back to the railway track. When we reached Frank we found the missing Constable sitting in the hotel lobby, smoking a cigar after having partaken of a good breakfast. We found out that the Constable knew this part of the country and decided to take a short cut. I am not saying what was in my mind at the moment. Had the Constable fallen in the journey over the rocks we never would have seen him again.

When we reached Frank we found that a party of ten Policeman from Lethbridge, as well as ten from Macleod, there for special duty. Our first duty was to clear everyone out of the town, as the huge rocks were still falling. I happened to be put on duty right away. The hotel proprietor and the owner of the drug store gave me their keys and told me that should the night guard require any refreshments during the night to let him have what he required. I was Sergeant in charge of the night guard the first night, and I can assure you that the feeling in the dead of night was far from a pleasant one, what with huge rocks falling, and knowing that many of the dead bodies had not been recovered, and that many would never be recovered.

I remember on going my rounds I found the young Constable on night patrol, sitting on the steps of the drug store. Of course I thought I would have to place him under arrest for sitting down while on duty. I found him asleep and had much difficulty in waking him up. I knew that he had never taken a drink in his life, so knew that he hadn't been drinking. I had given him the key of the store. I found that the Constable had gone into the store and had got hold of a box of brandy chocolates and had eaten them all and, of course, not being used to liquor, they made him drunk. Needless to say there were no charges put against this Constable. It was just one of those things.

It goes to show that, even in such terrible times that we went through during this terrible calamity, funny things do happen to brighten, even for a few minutes, things up, otherwise

sights that we saw in Frank during the days we were on duty there would be almost unbearable. Personally, I shall never forget what I saw, and I do not care to go into the affair again. I have just written the funny side as I saw it.